

## Farm and Garden.

**Animals with Broken Limbs.**—A correspondent says that "the common practice of killing valuable horses, oxen, cows, etc., who by chance get a leg broken, is entirely unnecessary, and a cruel, needless waste of life and property. I have seen such cases where by the aid of broad suspending belts to prevent their lying down, with splints and bandages which kept the broken bone in its place, in a short time the limbs become sound and good."

**Milk Cows.**—The extreme sensitivity of the mammary functions in cows to the influence of cold, fatigue and excitement, unpleasant odors, etc., is indeed surprising. We have been greatly interested in observing the effects of cold upon milk secretions as seen in the herd of cows upon the farm.

During the past summer, in the hot days in July and August, the animals resorted to the lake to drink, and after slaking their thirst they would wade into the water and remain sometimes an hour or two with the legs half immersed. This habit it was found invariably diminished the flow of milk at night, and in order to learn the extent of the diminution careful observations were made. It was ascertained that standing in the water an hour diminished the flow to the amount of eight or ten quarts in a herd of thirteen cows. The loss was so great that when they resorted to the water they were driven away again to the pasture at once.

We have learned that from simply turning the herd into the yard on a cold day in the winter, and allowing them to remain fifteen minutes, the flow of milk was diminished to a serious extent, and consequently the animals are not now allowed to leave the warm stables during the entire winter, except for a brief period upon warm, sunny days. Water is brought directly from a well into the barn, and the drinking vessels are arranged so that the animals have to move but a step or two to supply their wants. The nature of the water supply, and convenience of access, are most important points in the management of milk cows. A draught of ice-cold water taken by a cow in winter cuts short the supply of milk from one to two pints for the day. Well water drawn into vessels, and allowed to stand a few hours covered, in the warm barn, has its temperature raised several degrees, and this practice should be adopted by all thrifty farmers. It would undoubtedly pay well to slightly warm the water, but this is attended with considerable inconvenience where large herds are kept, unless steam apparatus is used. The influence of a cold current of air, and cold drinking water, upon cows in milk, is not of a transient nature; it extends for a longer period than a day or a week. Many fine animals are ruined by careless exposure every year, and self-interest and feelings of humanity should prompt all cow owners to keep diligent watch over their welfare and comfort.

Cows in milk are often greatly injured by rapid driving from pastures by heedless boys and unthinking men. They should never be urged faster than a walk. Gentleness and kindness of conduct toward cows have a wonderful influence upon the milk-pail, and also upon the progeny of the animals. A bad-tempered, irascible man ought never to be allowed in a cow-stable. A man who will kick a cow in a passion, ought himself to be kicked into the barn-yard and forever prohibited from again coming in contact with the noble animal. The right person placed in charge of a herd of twenty cows which have been badly managed, will in one month raise the lactated product so that the increased cash returns will pay his wages. This is a statement which has been verified more than once.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

**The Manure Heap.**—The prize essay of the Illinois Agricultural Society, by R. Giddings, details the cheapest and most practicable plan of increasing the farm manure pile and saving its elements from waste, which should be adopted by every farmer. His plan is simply to save every particle of the animal excrements, liquid and solid, with all its fertilizing elements intact, free from waste by washing, evaporation and fire-fang. To do this, he fills a stall, or large bin, in his stable, during dry weather, with pulverized clay, road scrapings, or common soil. With this he covers the floor of each stall three inches deep, and then places the litter of the animals' bedding on it; by this means, all the urine will be absorbed, and its wealth of nitrogen saved; and such is the absorbing power of dried earth, that one three inch flooring will not be so thoroughly saturated in a long time as to require replacing. He says his experiment required but one large bin of pulverized earth to absorb the urine of ten or twelve during the stable season; and that two men with a team filled the bin in one day. Dried clay was applied also to the pigpen and hen-roost, with the same ammonia-producing results; and if applied to the privy or earth-closet, which is now being adopted, a great manurial as well as sanitary result would follow. The inducements for the use of dry earth are: 1st.—That it requires no apparatus or cash outlay. 2d.—That the liquid manure of the cattle is worth more than the solid, and is usually lost; but, under this practice, all is retained. 3d.—The dry earth retains within it all the value, of which one-third or one-half is lost by fermentation, leaching, or evaporation. 4th.—It gives much larger bulk of manure, each load of which is of double the value of ordinary farm-yard manure. 5th.—That one ton of saturated earth is of more value than the same weight of even fresh saved dung. 6th.—That the aggregated amount of plant-food thus saved from the stalls is fully double, and in much better condition for use.

## Poisoning Exploits of Madame Ursinus.

Madame Ursinus was a widow—a woman of rank, fortune and beauty, moving in the first circles of Berlin. Her manners were peculiarly fascinating, her reputation was unblemished, and her charity caused her to be universally beloved by the poor. Her husband, Privy Counsellor, had died in 1800, and the usual period of mourning having expired, the lady had opened her doors again to her friends, and was in the habit of seeing a good deal of company. On the 5th of March, 1803,

there was an assembly at her house, and she was sitting at the whist table, when one of her footmen entered, with evident signs of terror, saying: "The officers of justice desired to speak with her. Madame rose from her seat without betraying the slightest agitation, gracefully apologized for the interruption, and quitted the room, saying she would return immediately."

But she came not. The company sat with cards in hands; several minutes elapsed, when a servant appeared at the door and announced that his mistress had been taken to prison. No reason was assigned, but the guests instantly departed, of course, in admirable confusion. The particulars, as they afterward came out, were as follows:

One of the servants, Benjamin Klein, had complained of being unwell, and Madame Ursinus had given him broth. He grew worse, and she administered rice milk. Suffering extreme pain, she bought him some plums, which, instead of eating, he concealed, took to an apothecary, and was told they were stuffed with arsenic. Upon this the lady was arrested. It came out upon the trial that she always kept arsenic upon her person; that her husband, her aunt, and her lover, who had refused to marry her, had all died suddenly, and that two of her servants, upon whom she had personally attended, after manifesting similar spasms to those of Klein, had both died.

The proof, however, was insufficient to establish the charge of murder. Klein did not die, but for the attempt upon his life she was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Glatz. Madame Ursinus lived to a great age, and at length died, in 1836, in the odor of sanctity. A long train of carriages followed the hearse. The churchyard could hardly contain the assembled crowd; orphans sung songs over her grave, and the poor strewed her coffin with flowers. She died without confessing her crimes, and the motive for committing them has always remained a mystery.

## A Good Old Musical Joke.

P. T. Barnum's band in its palmy days was celebrated for doing the worst playing ever heard. Some one asked Barnum why he did not get a better. He said the idea was to have them play so badly that everybody would pay a quarter to get inside where they could not hear the music (?). It was also profitable, as the following anecdote goes to show. One morning the papers contained an advertisement:

"WANTED.—A trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band. Apply between 10 and 2 at the office of the Museum."

So about 11 o'clock the door opened, and a trombone entered and a man behind it. "You want a trombone player?" said the new comer (the man, not the instrument). "Yes," said Mr. Barnum. "What is the place worth?" asked the applicant. "Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose," said Barnum. "Very well, I should like it." "All right," said Barnum. "So all the week through the trombone was at its post. Then came Saturday, and Mr. Green, the trombone player, presented himself for his salary. Mr. Barnum handed him a paper on which was written:

"Mr. P. Green, "To P. T. Barnum, "To playing trombone on his balcony one week, 25 dols. Rec'd payt. "Aug. 11, 1851."

Mr. Green read the bill and smiled, and then looked at Mr. Barnum. "Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?" "Why," said Green, "the price is right, but you have made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor, instead of you." "I see no mistake in that," said Barnum, "you are the one that has made a mistake. You see, the case is this: There a good many gentlemen in this city who are fond of practicing brass instruments, but they cannot do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a small sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernal poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction." Mr. Green did not play the second week.

## Valuable Invention.

When the last German Arctic Expedition started for the North Pole, it carried a newly invented stove, by Prof. Meidinger, which has proved an invaluable invention. It is of iron, having a double wall, with a space about two inches wide between the outer and inner walls, to which the air has free access above and below. The cold air being always at the bottom, and the warm ascending, it follows that all the air in the room is being constantly forced through the space between the outer and inner covering of the stove, or what is the same, is being constantly heated. The coal is put in at the top, and fills the whole inside of the stove, which is about six feet high, more or less. It is then lighted at the top and kept burning by the draught created by valves inserted both into the side walls and at the bottom of the stove. The valves opened, the greater the heat, so that the temperature can be easily regulated. The expense is a third less than that of an ordinary German stove, and the new invention, in an elegant shape, is rapidly finding its way into dwelling houses.

The residence of Gen. Casement, at Painesville, Ohio, is lighted and heated by natural gas, which flows from a well seven hundred feet deep. It supplies eight fires, and light for all the house and yard beside. The flame is increased or diminished at pleasure by touching a valve. It is pleasant fire, making a bright light and an intense heat. Nothing is required to start it save the touch of a match. It makes no ashes, no dust, no dirt. The odor of the gas is like that of coal oil, though less offensive.

A bill has passed both houses of the Alabama Legislature authorizing the Governor to issue \$1,000,000 of 8 per cent. bonds, to be used as necessity may require.

## A Curious Chapter of Crime.

The Lima correspondence of the *Panama Star and Herald* says: "Gen. Melgarejo, ex-President and former Dictator of Bolivia, was assassinated in Lima on the evening of Nov. 23. There has been much ill-feeling between Melgarejo and his son-in-law, Gen. Jose Aurelio Sanchez, also an exile residing in Lima. Melgarejo had made violent threats against Sanchez, and their friends were apprehensive of a fatal meeting. On that night Melgarejo, under the influence of liquor, purchased a revolver in the Calle de Plate, loaded it in the presence of the seller, and proceeded to the house of Sanchez. The alarm, however, had been given, and the General found the doors all secured against him. Furious with rage he rushed down an alley-way at the side of the house to force an entrance from the rear, but to no purpose. At this juncture the ladies of the family escaped through the front door, and Sanchez, who had been confined to a sick bed for several days, arose hastily, put on a few articles of clothing, and ran to the front door just in time to meet Melgarejo face to face. Sanchez waited for no parley or explanation, but fired. The ball struck him full in the forehead, passing through the brain. Sanchez fired again, this time the bullet entering the neck and severing the wind-pipe. Melgarejo fell to the ground. The bystanders and two or three policemen who had remained passive spectators of the scene, carried him with all possible haste to a neighboring drug-gist's. Physicians were immediately in attendance, and while they were alleviating his material condition, a priest who had been summoned was administering the last rites of the church. Melgarejo died two hours afterward. Sanchez gave himself up to the police, and has been committed for trial.

"The origin of the quarrel was peculiar. Melgarejo was enamored with the sister of Sanchez, and for several years she had been his mistress. Her great influence over the General was soon apparent. Melgarejo gave his daughter in marriage to Sanchez, and soon another sister of the murderer was married to the son of the victim. As long as Melgarejo was victorious and prosperous the Sanchez family were true as steel, but when his fortunes failed they turned against him as his enemies. The woman Sanchez decamped with a large quantity of valuables belonging to the General, and he, being reduced to poverty, had been endeavoring to recover them. This led to a lawsuit and to the assassination."

## The Detroit River Tunnel.

From the Detroit Post. Though but comparatively little mention has been concerning the progress of the Detroit River tunnel, the work has been going on as rapidly as circumstances would allow. What has been done and will be done is this:

The water front adjoining the Ferry Great Western's slip was chosen. Then commenced the process of forming land. A large coffer-dam, about forty feet square, was constructed. Immense piles were driven down, in double rows, upon which were securely bolted six-inch planks also in double rows, thus making an immense box, or sheathing, of wood, a foot thick. Hard blue clay was then filled in and a solid pier constructed. Through this newly-made land the shaft is to be sunk.

The shaft itself is a massive one of iron, weighing eight tons. Its diameter is fifteen feet, its thickness nearly two feet. The water was found to be about fifty feet deep, and the shaft to be sunk a distance of over fifty feet before the drainage tunnel will be commenced. It has been placed in position, and upon it the brick work has been built to a height of ten feet. The great weight of the iron base and the additional weight of the brick work will gradually sink it to the required depth. The real difficulties commence when the bottom is reached. The first movement then is to excavate the drainage tunnel. This will be 25 feet lower than the main tunnels at their respective entrances, and will lie between them. From both the Detroit and Windsor sides this tunnel will approach a gradual elevation to the centre, at which point it will be but slightly below the main tunnels. It will have a diameter of five feet and be connected with the others by iron pipes.

The construction of this drainage tunnel will be comparatively easy, though, of course, the surveys and calculations must be made with great accuracy. This part of the work will be rapidly pushed forward, and will doubtless determine in a great measure the further progress of the undertaking.

The two sections of men at work under Lake Michigan, while constructing the famous lake tunnel at Chicago, came out within an inch or less of the place calculated by the engineer. That undertaking was, however, small and easy compared with the present one. Here it is deemed necessary to construct two tunnels for the trains passing both ways. There is also a possibility of getting into a strata in which there is a quicksand. Then as the upper part of the tunnel is to be within twelve feet of the river bed, there will be an enormous pressure as the excavations are made.

These and other contingencies must be provided for, and the magnitude of the work and difficulties in the way can hardly be sufficiently appreciated.

The fame and well-known skill of Mr. Chesbrough as a civil engineer gives a confidence in the success of the undertaking. Mr. Chesbrough is also City Engineer of Chicago, whose lake and river tunnels are widely celebrated. The other engineers are Mr. E. S. Chesbrough and Mr. E. C. Clark, under whose direct charge will come the details of the work upon the tunnel, and who are both men of ability and experience.

On the public road between Meriden and Hartford, Connecticut, stands a low, dingy hovel, within which, on a rickety bed, concentrated death is dealt out in decoctions of benzine at the moderate price of five cents a glass. Directly opposite is the town burying-ground, and the thirsty wayfarer smiles grimly as he reads, over the door of the saloon, the cheerful and appropriate inscription, "Key to the cemetery within."

## A Tough Morsel for Editorial Jaws.

A correspondent writes: Something over forty years ago I was boarding with my elder brother at what was then the Suffolk Hotel, on Elm street. By the way, all the principal hotels of Boston were then either on Brattle or Elm streets, with the exception of the Eastern Stage House on Ann street, the Marlboro—still on the same site—and the Lion and the Lamb Tavern, which stood on the lot on Washington street now occupied by the Adams House.

The Suffolk was kept by John Hastings, a bachelor, and about forty bachelors boarded there—in fact there was not a married person in the house, and for that reason it was commonly known as the Bachelor's Hotel. The ground floor and the basement were occupied by a market and grocery store. The dining hall was in the second story, in that part of the building on the corner of the lane leading from Dock Square to Elm street, and its windows overlooked what is now Doolittle's stables.

The younger members of this singular community who breakfasted, supped, dined and wine here—among whom were some of the ablest business men in the city—were much addicted to practical joking; and one joke of that sort I inflicted on one of the wittiest of them—one Adams—who was, if I rightly remember, then editor of the *Boston Courier*.

Adams was almost invariably late to breakfast, coming in after most of the boarders had finished and gone to their places of business, and as I could not leave my brother's office, it frequently occurred that I took my morning meal with Adams. I assure you I did not regret it, though I was often reprimanded for overstaying my allotted time to listen to those witty stories, fresh relations and curious experiences that members of the editorial fraternity always seem so full of.

On this particular morning—it was bitter cold, and I remember I ran all the way to the hotel—Oliver, a fresh-looking Vermont girl who tended the table, was the sole occupant of the hall when I entered it, and as she turned to go for my coffee and hot biscuit I asked her if Mr. Adams had come in yet.

"No, sir, he has not," she answered; "you and he are the last this morning; but I have put a nice steak for each of you under the stove." She then hurried away on her errand to the kitchen.

The floor of the dining hall was always copiously sprinkled with sand, and midway between the two extremities of the hall stood a large stove which warmed the apartment; beneath this Oliver used to place the chops or steaks for late comers, in a covered dish to keep hot. Being ravenously hungry I did not stand on ceremony, but seating myself at the table close to the stove I leaned back, fork in hand, and drew the platter from under it; lifting the cover I saw two juicy steaks half buried in rich gravy.

Thrusting my fork into one, I turned to put it on my plate, but on the passage from the platter to the plate it slipped off my fork and fell on the sanded floor! Just then I heard footsteps, and it flashed through my mind, the other steak or no steak. Quick as thought the other steak was transferred to my plate, the dish and the sanded steak were replaced, the cover put on, and the platter pushed back under the stove.

I had barely accomplished this when Adams's rosy, smiling face appeared at the door. He came briskly in, and coming to the stove, stood rubbing his hands and warming himself while he talked with Oliver, who had followed him in with the coffee-pot and a plate of hot biscuit.

"Got a nice breakfast for you, Mr. Adams," said Oliver, with whom he was a great favorite.

"Nicest thing in the world is a nice breakfast, Olive, especially if one has a nice girl to serve it nicely," he replied, beaming pleasantly at the while.

"Don't you think so?" he asked, appealing to me.

"Certainly," I replied, feeling rather dubious, however, about his nice breakfast.

He took his seat beside me, and Olive spread the biscuit, coffee and steak temptingly before him.

"Nice enough for a prince, Olive; the steak, I mean," he said, salting and peppering it to suit his taste, but not turning it over. "Done to a turn—cutting a long, thin portion. 'Elegant!' saying it in the gravy; then he ejaculated, 'Nice!' and popped it into his open mouth.

His jaws closed—once—twice—a shudder, and they slowly relaxed; then he meekly took the unadorned morsel from his mouth and laid it tenderly on one side. Solemnly he cut another from the other end, and silently tried that.

"Ugh!" he gasped with the first attempt. "Olive, for heaven's sake where did this steak come from?"

"From the market down stairs, Mr. Adams."

"Ah, curse the grit; I should think it came from Sandy Hook."

I could hold in no longer, and laughed till the tears streamed down my cheeks, while Olive looked on in blank amazement; but it was not till years after, and until I was a full-grown man, that I dared tell Adams the truth about that "sanded steak."

## Brandy.

Brandy may be a very good thing in its place, but one ought to feel sure that he is not getting the genuine article. It is not always easy to find a glass of liquor there are two "things" sold instead of one. Connecticut brandy appears to be nothing but whisky fixed up with poisonous drugs to imitate the pure article of French brandy. So thinks Professor Silliman, and he has lately been analyzing—in a strictly professional way, it is unnecessary to add—a sample of the vile stuff sold in most of the bars of the country. It contains 583 grains of solid matter, ingredients foreign to pure liquor, which rarely contains over fifty grains, and this is generally burnt sugar, the foreign substances used for adulterating this liquor were "alum, iron, sulphuric acid, oil of some kind, burnt sugar, tannic acid, Guinea pepper, Sam-gua tea, lead and copper." And all these ingredients, when well shaken-up, were called brandy! "How have the mighty fallen!"

## A Counterfeiter's Confession.

In the trial of Joshua D. Minor for counterfeiting, now in progress at New York, John Ballard testified as follows: "I am 32 years old, and a printer by trade; up to last March I have been engaged, off and on, in manufacturing counterfeit money; the plates which are here I recognize as the same ones I used in printing the counterfeit money; there is a process of driving up the letters that give the name of the bank, so that they may be filed down and new names engraved and printed from as counterfeits on the other banks; the \$20 plate which is here has been filed down in this way at least twenty-eight times, the Farmers' and Mechanics Banks of Poughkeepsie being the last counterfeit; I have been engaged for over three years at this kind of printing, generally turning out about \$10,000 a month; Henry Hinman was the man who, in connection with Mr. Minor, furnished capital and material for the carrying on of this business; I have printed counterfeit \$10 bills on the Flour City National Bank of Rochester, National Bank of New York, Ninth National Bank of Troy, First National Bank of Lockport, Auburn City National Bank of Auburn, First National of Red Hook, and Union National of New York; also, counterfeit \$20 bills on the Onondaga National of Utica, Tradesman's National of New York, and the National Bank of Commerce, of the \$2 bills I printed counterfeits on the Marine National of New York, St. Nicholas of New York, and the Market National of New York; many others that I have forgotten I have printed bills upon.

Cross-examined.—Was arrested once Buffalo for manufacturing silver Mexican shillings, tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years and four months' imprisonment in Auburn State Prison; four years and two months of this time I served, when I was pardoned by the Governor; the petition for pardon was made by Col. Whitley; after I had been out of prison about two years I began counterfeiting again; the first I did at it after I was released was to counterfeit 50 cent currency notes; then I went to manufacturing \$10 bills; afterward I was in the cabinet-making business for about a year, when I began making \$2 bills; then I went out to Wisconsin and hired a farm, and from there I went to jail [laughter]; I was implicated in counterfeiting out there, but was not guilty; I am still under arrest, however, waiting for my trial; Col. Whitley brought me here on a writ of habeas corpus, to take part as a witness in this case; I am paid nothing, nor do I expect anything, for coming.

## The Stolen Pass.

An editor in Harrisburg lost his pass on the railroad, and requested the officers of the road to secure the arrest of any man who should present it. The next day he found the pass in the pocket of his Sunday trousers, and proceeded to take a trip upon it. As soon as he offered it the conductor, that faithful officer, knocked him on the head with his lantern, called in three brakemen and the baggage-master, dragged him, despite his frantic struggles, along the floor into the baggage-car, where a brakeman sat on him while the conductor battered him up a lot to keep him quiet; and they searched him to ascertain what other thefts he had been perpetrating. With the exception of a ticket to the circus that man had upon his person absolutely nothing but railroad passes! He had passes over all the main roads and branch lines, and feeders and sidings, in the State of Pennsylvania. He had free tickets over all the railroads in the Eastern, Southern, Middle and Western States, and in four of the Territories. He had a pass over a railroad from Yeddo to Yokohama, and another from Calcutta to Bengal. He had a letter promising him one on the new road which is proposed in Terra del Fuego, and a manuscript puff which he had written for a man who had assured him he should have a pass over the road which the man said he was about to run under the Mediterranean from Africa to Italy, as soon as it was built. The conductor concluded that he had caught the greatest pass kleptomaniac that the world ever saw. But when he got back to Harrisburg the affair was explained. And now if there is any one editor in the State who is completely sick of "gentlemanly conductors" that editor resides in the State capital.

## Buffaloes in the Great Storm.

A correspondent writing of the late terrible snow-storm along the line of the Pacific railroad, says: The train was caught in a bank—it could neither back nor go ahead. The wires were tapped and dispatches sent to different quarters for men and shovels. While the train was waiting the buffaloes gathered from the plains to the lee side for shelter. If any one felt disposed he might from his seat in the car, pop them over with his revolver—the rest would not move—they could not be driven away by engine whistling or human voice, but crowded their shaggy sides close up to the cars and there stood with bowed heads for the storm to pass. Many were seen to fall down in their tracks, dead from cold, and when at last the train was dug out and moved off, the track was lined with these huge, shaggy, frozen carcasses. We think a robe a luxury in winter—so it is. Imagine the severity of the weather when the animal who furnishes the robe freezes to death under his natural protection.

## Shot by a Trap-Gun.

On Thanksgiving Day a brass foundry in Newark, N. J., was robbed of a quantity of castings, and as a detective against any future burglars a musket loaded with heavy shot was placed so as to bear upon a drawer in which a considerable quantity of finished work was kept. To this drawer the trigger of the gun was attached by a cord. The gun was tightly fixed against the wall at one end of the room, and in a corner where it would not have been likely to have been noticed. On Sunday the dead body of a noted burglar named Healy was found in the building, and near by was a quantity of material which he was probably in the act of removing when he met his death. He had been once in the State Prison, and had been pardoned a year ago.

SAN FRANCISCO has a daily one cent newspaper.

## An Anecdote of the Freedmen's Bureau in Tennessee.

A contributor to the *Washington Capital* furnishes the following: "Soon after Gen. Fisk took charge of the Bureau in Tennessee he visited Spring Hill, Maury county, to address the people, as was his custom, and set forth his plans and explain his intentions. An immense crowd gathered to hear the General's speech, and his plans seemed to be highly satisfactory, especially that portion in which he declared it to be the duty of every man to take care of his own family and give them as good a support as possible.

At the close of the General's address he said he would answer any questions and make any further explanations desired. Thereupon a certain lord of the land—we will call him McK.—an elderly man, formerly a large slaveholder, and then lately married to a young and sprightly lady—arose, and asked the General if he understood him to declare that a colored man who had lived with a woman as though married to her, and was the father of children by her, was bound to maintain her and her children. "Certainly," answered the General, "it is clearly his duty."

"Well," replied Mr. McK. "I employ a man so situated, pay him good wages, furnish him a comfortable house, but he won't support his family, and I am compelled to do it or let them starve." "That is all wrong," responded the General, in decided tones.

"Hold on, General," exclaimed a stalwart colored man on the outskirts of the crowd, "wait a minute. I specks I see the man Massa McK. means. Now I lives wid a woman and calls her my wife, and I has chil'n by her; I supports dose chil'n, but den dat dar woman's done got some chil'n I ain't de fadder of. Now, Ginral, you don't tink dat I ought to support my chil'n and Massa McK.'s too, does ye?"

Shouts of laughter greeted this turn of affairs, and Masse McK. did not press the question.

## Children's Arms.

A distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that, during the twenty years I have practiced my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child, with habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm."

## The Illinois Levee.

The *Hannibal Courier* states that considerable progress has been made in the preparations for constructing a levee, commencing at a point seven or eight miles above Hannibal, upon the Illinois side, and following the river bank to a distance of over 51 miles from the place of beginning—which great enterprise, when completed, will reclaim for agricultural purposes over 100,000 acres of land now rendered almost useless by reason of the annual overflow of the Mississippi river. It is proposed to construct this levee high enough to exclude the water from the river in a rise even as high as that in 1851—the highest of which there is any record. The land to be thus reclaimed is probably not worth, in its present condition, over \$5 per acre, upon an average. But reclaimed and devoted to agricultural purposes it will be almost impossible to overestimate its value, since its fertility is inexhaustible, and its productiveness almost unequalled by any tract of soil of equal extent, upon the continent. Fifty dollars per acre would be a very low estimate for an average price, while \$100 or even \$200 per acre for those portions located near the market centers would not appear an extravagant estimate.

## Men of the Times.

The man, who was brought up for swearing roundly at the police, has managed to make it square with them.

The man, who lied till he was black in the face, has just shut himself out from the pale of society.

The man, who inadvertently threw a light on his own bad actions, has completely put himself out about it.

The man, who coined a new word the other day, has been apprehended for uttering what was false.

The man, who called a spade a spade, only did so to give a dig at his neighbors.

The man, whose tongue would run, has had his mouth stopped by a bystander, who caught him up.

The youth, who would have a will of his own, has been struck out of that of his father.

The man, who lent himself to a deception, now finds that he will have to stand alone.

The man, who sticks at nothing, often runs through more than he ought.

The man, who had too many irons in the fire, has just sent in a mangled statement of his affairs.—*London Fun.*

## Singular Railroad Accident.

On Wednesday, when a coal train was within three-fourths of a mile of Lackawanna, on the Honesdale branch of the Erie railway, one of the rocks on the side of the road, weighing many hundred tons, tumbled down and lodged on the railroad track, a few feet ahead of the approaching train, which was running pretty fast. The engineer, D. B. Woods, and the fireman, John Schultz, were thrown from the engine, the latter being thrown on his head and instantly killed, while the engineer was only slightly injured. The locomotive was completely wrecked. The center of the train was thrown high into the air, forming, for an instant, a huge pyramid; then fifteen cars went crashing down the embankment forty feet to the river.

FOUR Chicago aldermen have been indicted for bribery, corruption and malfeasance in office.